

Fals. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all wel,

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griete of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then, no: What is Honour? a Word: what is that word Honour? Aireia trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis insensible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know; *Sir Richard,* The liberall kind offer of the King,

Vrc. 'Twere best hee did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not possible, it cannot bee,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
Hee will suspect vs still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke ful of eyes,
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp,
Will a haue wilde trickes of his ancelsters:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily:
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And wee shal feed like Oxen at stall,
The better cherisht, still the neerer death.
My Nephews trespassse may bee wel forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge.
A haire-braind *Hotspur*, gouerned by a spiecase,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tace from vs,

We

Henry the Fourth
We as the spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King. *Enter H.*

Per. Deliuer what you will, Ile say so. Here comes you

Hot. My Vncle is returnd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland.
Vncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord *Douglas*, goe you and tell him so. *Exit.*

Dow. Mary and shall very willingly.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of your grieuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that, he is fore sworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traytors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter*

Dow. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth;

And Westmerland that was engag'd, did beare it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The *Prince* of Wales stept forth before the King
And, Nephew, challenge'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me, tell me,
How shewd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,
Valeffe a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise and prooue of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your desertings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,